

Friendly E P I S T L E
TO THE
A U T H O R
OF THE
STATE DUNCES.

*He, who spareth the Rod, hateth the Child; but he, that
loveth him, chasteneth him betimes.*

Prov. xiii. 24.

*Qui mihi Discipulus Puer es, cupis atque doceri,
Huc ades, hæc animo concipe dicta tuo.*

GUL. LILY.

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. Nutt and E. Cooke, at the Royal-Exchange;
and sold at the Pamphlet-Shops of London and West-
minster. 1733. [Price Sixpence.]

Friendly EPISTLE

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

STATUTE DUNCE

He who speaks the Rod the Child; but he, that
loaths him, chasteneth him.



Prov. xiii. 24.

Qui vult discipulus Puer est, cupit alius doctus,
Hinc aliter, nec animo concipere debet ille.

GUL. LILLY.

L O N D O N

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A

A Friendly EPISTLE, &c.

WHoe'er thou art, who, without Grace of God,
 Or Fear of Man, hast laid thy *Satire's* Rod,
 With dreadful Vengeance, on th' Allies of State,
 For their egregious Guilt of being Great;
 This sage Rebuke a serious *Senior* sends,
 Nor, for his Freedom, less thy Youth befriends;
 Thy Youth --- for *Puerilia*, in each Page,
 Too flagrantly betray thy tender Age.
 Old Birds, like me, with Chaff 'tis hard to catch,
 As for thy Muse superior Strains to match.

Hadst thou but been a little better Bred,
 Had fifty Years brought Judgment to thy Head,
 Hadst thou the World and human Nature known,
 And first corrected Errors of thine own,
 Then had thy narrow Mind been more enlarg'd,
 And Impudence not thus thy Forehead charg'd;

Ne'er

Ne'er hadst thou then, with Heart and Hand profane
 Taken the Names of *Ministers* in vain;
 Ne'er hadst thou dar'd their Characters to draw,
 But with religious and submissive Awe;
 Ne'er ventur'd this unequal War to wage
 Against the First-Rate Worthies of the Age.

Tell me, young Man, (for Virtue 'tis to own
 A Fact, so plainly by itself made known,)
 Hast thou convers'd with any of the Great?
 Hast thou Ideas of Affairs of State?
 Hast thou learn'd Politicks? Dost know the Springs
 Of secret Acts of *Ministers* and *Kings*?
 Canst thou, my unexperienc'd Pupil, tell
 When *Statesmen* blunder, or conduct Things well?
 Think'st thou they neither know nor can defend,
 Because the Vulgar cannot comprehend?
 Who was it form'd thy Fancy and thy Sense?
 Who help'd Thee to this large Intelligence,
 The Sins and secret History of *Peers*?
 And taught thy Muse to lug them by the *Ears*?
 Is the Stock thine, and dost thou sell Wholesale,
 Or, as it came, by way of a Retale?

Say,

Say, did not CALEB, Enemy to Truth,
 And Friend of Scandal, thus pervert thy Youth?
 Confess, my Lad, and learn to be a Man,---
 Then write, and rhyme, and reason, if you can.

I know thou'rt angry-- now I see thee fret,
 Thou'lt ne'er forgive my Freedom in a Pet.
 No Matter now,--- hereafter, wiser grown,
 The Frenzy of thy frantic Head thou'lt own,
 And say, the *Senior* meant his Counfel right,
 Nor thus reprov'd thy Wantonneſs thro' Spite.

Trust me, I've ſome Opinion of thy Parts ---
 Thou may'ſt in Time turn out a Man of Arts!
 For here and there thy Verſe a Genius ſhews,
 And from thy Muſe melodious Scandal flows.
 Cou'dſt thou, inſtructed, learn to form a Scheme,
 Know Characters, and manage well a Theme,
 Conduct with Decency Poetick Rage,
 And keep Connection clear throughout thy Page,
 We'd own thee, Lad, a clever Fellow then,
 And inly tremble when thou tak'ſt thy Pen.

B

But

But thou art young, unpractis'd and unbred;
 Thou must some Time by Leading-strings be led;
 And, now and then, thy natural Faults to cure,
 Gentle Correction by the Birch endure.
 This friendly Whipping for thy Good is meant,
 And thou shouldst take it as a Blessing sent.

Yet, more to make thee sensible thou'rt wrong,
 And too conceited of thy Skill in Song,
 Suppose I should an equal Freedom take,
 And call thee Fool or Duncce for Scolding's Sake,---
 Thy Conscience sure wou'd justify my Muse;
 For thine hath been of naughty Names profuse:
 Or if, resentful of thy Satire's Rage,
 Suppose I should the grumbling Crew engage,
 Anti State-Dunces! hardly rul'd by Law,
 And, in thy Manner, Men of Figure draw,---
 'Twere easy Work,--- Reprisals might be made,--
 I have a hundred Blockheads in my Head,
 Commons and Peers, deserving to be scourg'd,--
 And so they shall, if more my Muse be urg'd,

But now, my Lad, I'll only from the Clan,
 Select and sketch thy Idol of a Man.

Not

Not as my Fancy views him, but by Truth,
 A Thing unknown to thy ill-tutor'd Youth!
 I know thou'lt stare, and cry, *It is not He!*
No more like P----y, by the Lord, than me!
 Yet such he is, tho' far beyond thy Ken,
 God's justest Likeness among Sons of Men!
 Meek! generous! friendly! merciful! and just!
 Patient! forgiving! faithful to his Trust!
 Unfordid and unselfish! modest! kind!
 Of purest Manners! and of gentlest Mind!
 Ever observant of establish'd Laws!
 No Devotee to popular Applause!
 Unchangeable! undeviating! brave!
 So good, he needs not cry to Christ to save!

Such is the *Patriot* in such Hands as mine:
 But, oh! how alter'd, when he falls in thine!
 Thy Epithets, however meant, are wrong,
 And quite confound the Purpose of thy Song;
 Make Nonsense Sense, and Truth on Falsehood raise,
 Thy Praise all Satire, and thy Satire Praise!

Yet thus a noble Personage to treat,
 Is easy Work; who cannot curse the Great?

Dunces

Dunces beneath ev'n *Thee* can find out Faults,
 And open to black Blasphemy their Throats:
 Fools, Rogues, and Villains, Blockheads, Scoundrels,
 Grubs,
 Are Names familiar with the vilest Scrubs:
 Tack them to Honour, Honesty, and Worth,
 At once a Satire, such as thine, comes forth.
 Such every Hour thy Kindred Damfels deal,
 Who carry *Mackrell* round the Common-weal;
 Or at fam'd BILLINGSGATE their Station hold--
 --- Only they most excel in Art, who scold.
 Perhaps, ambitious, thou wou'dst sudden climb,
 And, wondrous forward, take the Start of Time!
 I warrant, Lad, thou'rt worthy to be great,
 And want'st no Skill to steer the Helm of State!
 Matters are alter'd quite, if that's the Case;---
 I've known thy Betters growl themselves to Place:
 Ev'n my poor TRAY, lock'd out, barks loud his Rage;
 Let in, the Dog looks like a Bishop sage.

Or vainly imitating *Master POPE*,
 Dost thou like Fame and like Protection hope?
 Ah! touch not Nettles, lest they leave a Sting---
 Remember ICARUS's feeble Wing;

ULYSSES'

ULYSSES' Bow which none but he could draw,
 And, tho' thou laugh'st at Manners, dread the Law:
 At least, unless thou'rt crooked, have a Care,---
 Huge-headed Cudgels now in Fashion are:
 Remember * WILKINS, and his rueful Fate,---
 Is thine a safe, more privileg'd a Pate?

I fear, young Man, not Persons of the Great,
 Their Dullness, nor their Vices mov'd thy Hate.
 Thy Prejudice and Bigotry's the Cause:
 Thy Soul's a Slave, a Rebel to the Laws.
 Yes,--- or to Faction and her Friends a Friend;
 Muse, audacious, would not thus offend.
 But can such ill-plac'd, stinglefs Satire vex?
 Whom does it hurt, whom injure, or perplex?
 Thy Mind's Intention only can provoke,--
 There's Murder in't: Thy Muse is but a Joke.
 If she can wound, 'tis only them, whose Ways
 Thou mak'st the wretched Subjects of thy Praise:
 Ill-fated P-----y! damn'd alive in Rhime!
 Hast thou not acted some prodigious Crime,
 Some meritoriously flagitious Fact,
 To bring curst Panegyrick on thy Back?

* A Printer, who having been employ'd in Printing a certain Paper some way reflecting on
 Mr. *Poultney* and his Family, was, by their Emiffaries and Allies, cudgell'd almost to Death, and
 were never punish'd.

To win the Poet's Mercy, who makes bold,
 At Liberty and Virtue's Sons, to scold?
 Save us, kind Heaven, preserve thy chosen Seed
 From Blessings, that wou'd blast us all indeed!

Take my Advice, read WILLIAM LILY o'er,
 And Night and Day on CATO's Disticks pore.
 Learn Morals, Wisdom, Decency and Sense;
 Nor Poet, till thou'rt better taught, commence.
 But if thou'rt destin'd to be damn'd indeed,
 If Providence thy Misery hath decreed,
 If 'tis thy Fate to rhyme, for God's sake try
 Whether thy Mue can work in rhyme,
 Were it in Praise of any Thing that's evil,
 ST—N, the POPE, P—ETENDER, or the DEVIL.
 For Praise of Merit and illustrious Men
 Is far beyond thy naughty Nature's Ken.
 'Tis Virtue's Work; and he who wou'd excel,
 Shou'd know his Genius and his Subject well;
 Else, blund'ring, he'd egregious Faults commit,
 Call STANHOPE *stupid*, W—Y a *Wit*,
 ARGYLE a *Coward*, DELAWARE *Tom Thumb*,
 NUMP's a fine Speaker, and the SPEAKER *dumb*!

F I N I S.

